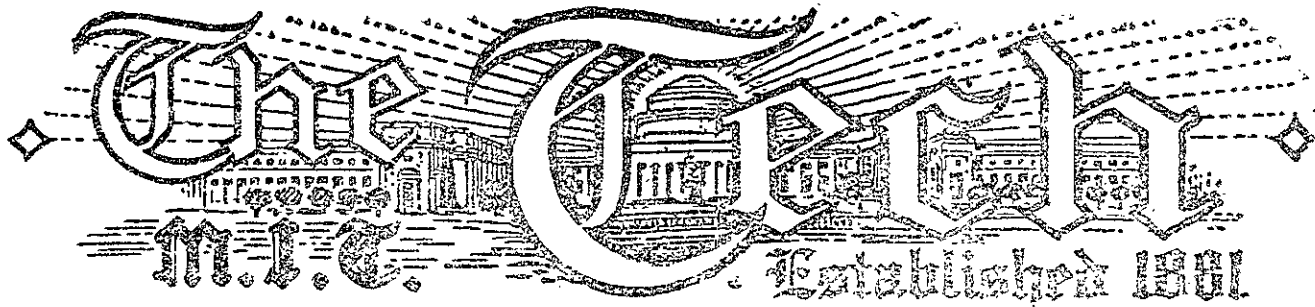


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Official Undergraduate
News Organ of
Massachusetts Institute
of Technology



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Vol. LII. No. 22

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., FRIDAY, APRIL 1, 1932

Price Five Cents

FILTER PAPER OUT!

WRITHING, TWISTING, SQUIRMING MAMAS DO HULA-HULA DANCE AT CIRCUS TONIGHT

SHEET GOES ON SALE AT DRUG STORE

A pathetic, lifeless issue of "Filter Paper," hardly a worthy successor to its hardy predecessors of years gone by, went on sale last night at The Tech Drugstore. As The Tech went to press the demand was excessively heavy for the "disreputable sheet," as members of the Institute Committee who only a few weeks ago voted to disapprove of it, searched for its authors.

The paper has decidedly not kept to its reputation of the past and is decidedly dead in its reading matter. The editorial column carries the following statement: "If it is not to your liking, and you consider yourself gypped, tell the Institute Committee all about it. They have all the good writers up a tree, and while we find no difficulty in presenting the dirt, it is a different matter to present it to the liking of all."



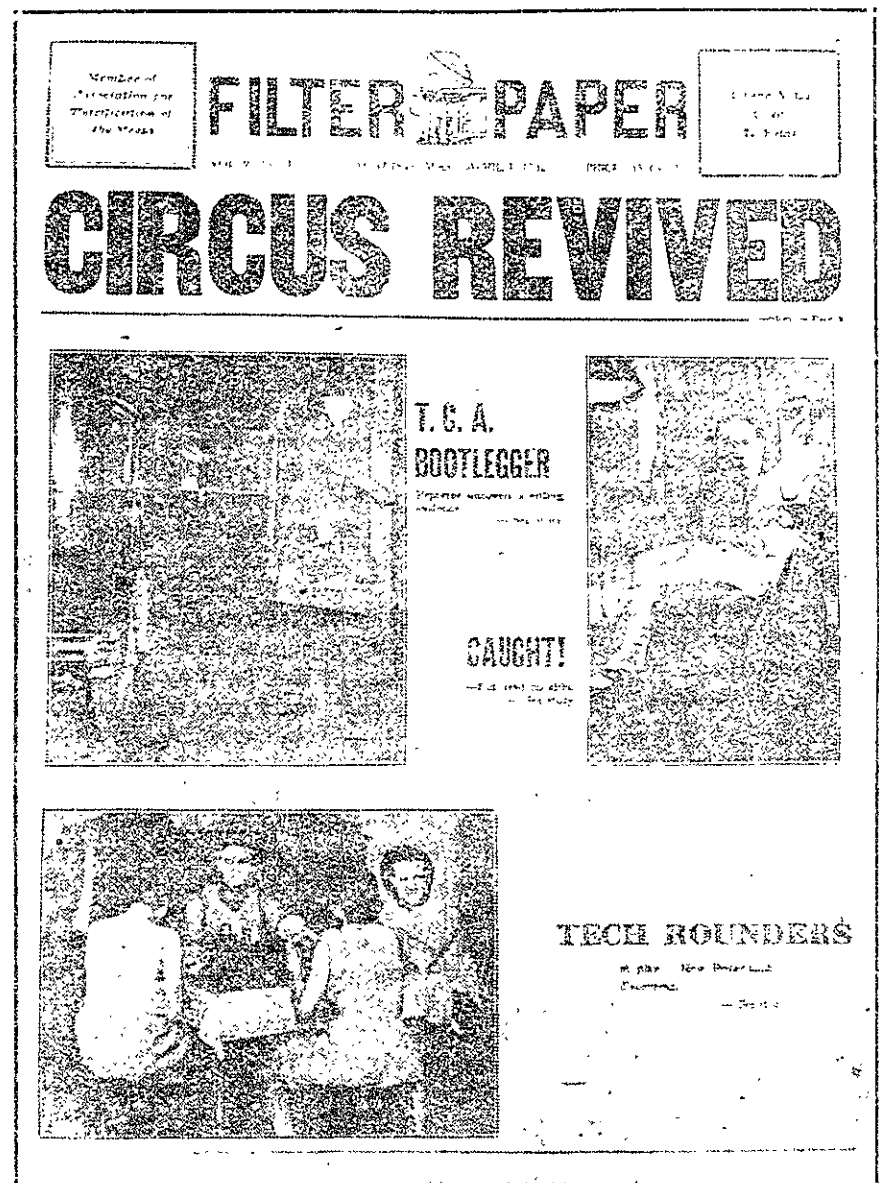
JAMES E. HARPER '32

In a recent issue of THE TECH, James E. Harper '32, formerly General Manager of *Voo Doo*, said that the Institute Committee would "not need to take much detective work" to find the writers of the paper.

Much secrecy surrounded the appearance of *Filter Paper* and only a few hours before the rumor got around that the copies had been dumped into the Charles River, and that the few that had remained in existence were selling at a premium. THE TECH reporter was one of the first to purchase the sheet when it went on sale at the Drugstore.

Filter Paper will positively not be sold at the Circus tonight, according to the chairman of the Committee. The Circus Edition of THE TECH, however, will be sold there at the bar.

Notorious Sheet Which Went On Sale Yesterday Evening



Armory Is Scene Of Wild Activity As Students Labor To Erect Booths

Most of Construction Work Now Finished, All Is Ready For Big Night

A scene of organized confusion greeted visitors at the Armory yesterday as groups of amateur carpenters labored to erect booths and apparatus for tonight's Circus.

Hammers and saws were wielded with avidity, if not with skill, and shouted orders filled the air. Most of the work is now done, but the result would not delight the heart of an architect, though the structures appear to be sufficient unto the day.

In one corner of the Armory stands THE TECH bar. Both side walls are lined with booths and at the far end stands the Beta Barn. A ferris wheel of unique design, constructed by the students, stands in the center of the floor. The wheel is unusual in that it does not move and yet is guaranteed to produce all the thrills of the orthodox article.

The nature of most of the entertainments has already been announced but there are a few new developments. The familiar strength machine, where students will "ring the bell and win a free cigar," will be secured, and one of the booths will house a dodger.

The Tech Bar Rescued From Dorm Basement

With a pre-Circus enthusiasm characteristic of the entire student body at this time, twenty members of the staffs of THE TECH and "T.E.N." invaded the Runkle Dormitory yesterday evening to resurrect the famous bar from the dismal basement where it has lain, forlorn and forgotten, amid a heap of discarded furniture and debris, since the last Tech Circus three years ago.

Reverent hands gently lifted this last remaining symbol of the Technology that was, and on the broad shoulders of a small army of journalists it was borne in triumph across the campus and through the wide portals of the Armory, there to be once more enthroned in its former glory as the gem of the Circus.

Tonight another chapter in the varied life of the bar will be written. Once again Technology men will gather around and lean in its polished surface while gratefully partaking of the refreshments it will provide.

But the glory is destined to be short-lived. A few short hours and then back to the oblivion of the basement to await the day when students will come again to deliver it from obscurity.

Show kept secret in expectation of surprise feature - - - Girls rarin' to go on boards tonight - - - strong arm squad believed detailed to prevent rush on stage as climax nears.

RUMOR RUMBLINGS ROAR FROM ROGERS

Rumblings from Rogers seem to say that there is going to be one great big riot, fracas, or what have you, if all the dire plans of the Rogers-co-eds work. Plans there are without number, big ones and little ones. "We'll crush your circus," is their hoarse battle-cry.

The men at Rogers that work late tomorrow had best beware. One rumored plan calls for crashing the Circus in mens' clothing, and they'll go to any lengths to obtain the desired garments. Take warning, ye of the School of Architecture! The less clothes you wear tomorrow, the better. This, perhaps, is the one way to thwart these mad co-eds in their wild plot.

The absence of several of the co-eds from classes today has led some people to expect that they are secreted in the vast spaces of the Armory waiting for activities to start. "Once we set foot inside that Armory, try to put us out!" they cry.

At present writing, there is a bloody figure of what was once a THE TECH reporter. He risked his life to supply truth to his readers. He was discovered spying on a rehearsal. "Rehearsal," you cry. "Rehearsal for what?"

This comes now from the bleeding lips of our noble co-reporter. "The last words I heard before they threw me down the stairs were the cry: 'If they let us into the Circus, we'll stage an exhibition for you!' And boy, what a show. It had the Old Howard and any burlesque beaten a mile! Let 'em into the Circus! I'll crawl all the way to see that show again." Thus speaking, this noble scouter for the truth fell forward onto the floor, muttering, "What a show! What a show!"

Garrulous, writhing, squirming burlesque queens at the Circus will put on the liveliest, hottest exhibition of flesh that has ever been seen, it was gathered by a snooping, scooping, eavesdropping reporter. Tucks of the Circus mamas in theatrical circles have been gathered to give a show that will put the openest exhibition of that group to shame.

This *hottest* circus team has been kept a deep secret, smoldering away in the darkest corner of the Circus Committee until late tonight, when it will burst into a five-alarm fire of entertainment for the happy throng at the Circus.

Even the Tech Show choir will be put to shame by the suggestive contortions of these squirming queens. Strained eyes, dimmed perhaps by steins of beer will stare with a feeling of mixed contentment and surprise.

A thousand new angles have been perfected to send a current of heat up the spines of fifteen hundred students and brownbaggers who will be present. Nothing will be spared to make the show the feature of the night.

Who sponsors the show could not be learned. A check-up of activities has shed no light as to its producers. But the "girls" are all set to go and rarin' to give the boys a real eyeful.

Strong-armed men are expected to guard the stage against any attempts by spectators to rush the show and hold it up. It is not known whether a special detail has been assigned to the affair to prevent possible riots when the audience can no longer peacefully bear the sights.

(WE FOOLED YOU THAT TIME — APRIL POOL!)

Walker Memorial Committee Holding Deep Consultation



Scene Snapped By THE TECH Masked Reporter Of Activity
In Walker Memorial Office Recently.

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Organ of the
Undergraduates
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Walker Memorial, Cambridge, Mass.
News and Editorial — Room 3, Walker
Telephone, University 7029

Business — Room 302, Walker
Telephone, University 7415

Printers' Telephone, University 5650

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE \$2.50 per Year
Published every Monday, Wednesday and
Friday during the College year, except
during College vacations

Entered as Second Class Matter at the
Boston Post Office

Member Eastern Intercollegiate
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OUR PLATFORM

Note: Since the Prom issue, we have suffered a complete change of heart in regard to our policies. In fact, the only item we retain is the fifth on our previous list, which we now print first.)

1. Aw, Nerts!
2. Abolition of the lounges. No one ever uses them except the Institute Committee, and they could just as well meet in their office.
3. More Saturday quizzes. The students are becoming too lethargic on Saturday mornings, and a prospective quiz might worry them into awakening.
4. Abolition of "H's" and "C's." No one can know that much about a subject.
5. Compulsory "P.T." for all students. The men are becoming thin and anemic, due to too much slip-stick pushing.

FREE PRETZELS

"Get away from them swingin' doors!"

Gentlemen, we must down Demon Rum, Baron Beer, and all the cohorts that are mustered in the nefarious army whose aim is to tear down the resistance of the youth of this nation. King Alcohol and his henchmen are tyrants, winning the young to their standards and then keeping them bound with the shackles of habit.

Do you realize, young men, that beer and the free pretzels used as bait ruin more lives than all the automobiles, loose women, wobbly slide rules, and midnight oil? From excessive consumption of alcohol there results lowered efficiency of the human machine, wrecked homes, and a long trail of staggering men. If you don't believe it, ask the man in the cartoons. It has at various times been reported that drinking intoxicating liquor softens the brain, gives one water on the knee, and results in a host of minor ills.

It's a sad world, a sad world, indeed. No man wants to depart this world before the expiration of his allotted three score and ten, but with some of the things that go on, it's a positive wonder that anyone can last out even that period. It's a great life, gentlemen; but don't weaken.

PHOSPHORUS, THE FILTHY FELINE

Once again, Phosphorus, we find it incumbent upon us to reprove you. After perusing the pages of your most recent affront to the risibilities and sensibilities of the student body, we are convinced that you have once more sunk into the trough.

There was a time, following certain unpleasant experiences, when you braced up and took hold of yourself, and almost became a credit to this Institution; but alas! Like so many converts, you have backslid. Shame!

For some time, a deplorable tendency has become noticeable to those reading your sheet; but this last issue openly breaks into pornography. This might not be so bad if the "jokes" were either original or funny, but they are neither. Several of them we recognized as old friends; they have appeared regularly since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.

You remind us, Phosphorus, of a small boy who writes dirty words on the sidewalk with a piece of red chalk; he has only the dimmest conception of their meaning, but he knows they are naughty, so he writes them in large letters. Even so, is it with you, Phos?

You will, doubtless, accuse us of immature prudery in connection with this reprimand; but it is you who are immature. You have not yet graduated from the early stages of adolescence; you, together with some of your brethren, believe that sex is the chief element, end and aim of all humor, and you are wrong.

Time for a little housecleaning, Phosphorus.

GLORIOUS CALENDAR REFORM

What this world needs is a 36-hour day. If anyone doubts this, let him add the hours found in a student's schedule: classes 15 per cent, sleep 20 per cent, shooting the bull 28 per cent, eating 17 per cent, sliderule pushing exercise 15 per cent, lying in bed 20 per cent, dating 10 per cent, going to school 3 per cent, coming back 4 per cent, movies 25 per cent. Total 152 per cent, multiplied by the present 24-hour day, equals 36.48 hours, but we could make out with an even 36.



Dear Ma: I am just dropping you a line to let you know that I am working real hard and have just broke another slide rule. I tried too work out a formula to use in figuring up Tech men's grades and after I had put in two buggeration constants the darn thing busted rite in 2. As I told you last time I broke a slide rule, they are very expensive and I will need one right away so send me right away twenty five 25 dollars right away as I need the slide rule before the Circus. It is very important so let me have the money as soon as you can, Ma.

Yure luvinc son,

ELMER.

It is with mingled feelings of sadness and glee that we observe that Pop ("I've Got Five Dollars?") Ford is laid up. Purely as a personal thing we are very sorry to hear that he is on the sick list. But as the possessor of \$6.98, which has to last us till the end of school and through two condition exams, we are glad to see that the avid Pop is out of reach of our cash. Here's hoping you have a nice, long rest, Pop.

Along with the guy who lost a bass drum, the bird who paid \$18.50 for a radio cabinet without any works in it, and the lad who walked downtown without any pants on, comes Bob Dunlavy. Bob has a '25 Ford touring, which, incidentally, is quite a boat, and had it parked out behind the Dorms. To his great astonishment he discovered yesterday that the radiator was gone. That's all, just the radiator. We asked him if he had driven it since the radiator had been taken, and he replied, "Not that I remember." Oy!

Every day is Old Clothes Day with the Lounger. He finds that his well-known long, gray beard (three hairs of which he lost in a keyhole last week) is a decided help in the matter of saving money on shirts and ties. Of course, it gets tangled up in various things not wise to mention, but one tie and one shirt a year is a factor not to be sneezed at.

Ah, de Coicus! Well we remember, as a lad, de excitement and thrill of de Coicus. Especially da last one, when four beefy Cambridge cops trod heavily on the Lounger's precious collarbone. The bottle-sears have healed up, but the old clavicle still quivers every time he sees a cop that weighs more than 190 — in other words, every time he sees a "bull." He is a little worried about that aforementioned \$6.98. The gambling instinct is deep-rooted within the battered old heart, and the sight of roulette wheels spinning and mice running for holes will invariably drag the dimes out of the marsupiae. He fears indeed that he won't have but .08 of that precious \$6.98 left by tomorrow night.

Accident notes: One of our Technology intrepid-aviator freshmen pulled a hot one the other day. As far as we know, he is the only man now living who turned over an airplane while it was standing still on the ground. He says that all he knows is that he was sitting out on the field waiting for another plane to land when he felt himself going through the air, and the next thing he knew he was crawling out from under the plane. To which we can only say, "Get your long-handled shovels next time, boys."

TECH-IN-TURKEY IS DISCUSSED AT WALKER MEETING

"Roberts College Is Proud Of Its Connections With Institute"

Feeling that it was, perhaps, infeasible to continue the Tech-in-Turkey project in view of the depression, the T.C.A. held a special meeting in Walker Memorial yesterday to discuss this question. Mr. Stau, an official of Roberts College in Turkey, to which it has hitherto been the custom of the T.C.A. to send annually one representative, spoke before an assembly consisting of the entire T.C.A. staff, Professor Hamilton, secretary of the Faculty Club, and President Karl T. Compton. "We are very proud of our connection with the Massachusetts Institute of Technology," Mr. Stau said, speaking for Roberts College; "we wish to preserve this bond."

Roberts College Described

Asked to acquaint the T.C.A. more thoroughly with its Tech-in-Turkey project and to give the staff a better idea of what Roberts College was like, Mr. Stau proceeded to give them as complete a treatment of the subject as the short time available would allow.

"Roberts College is the only American-sponsored educational institution in the Near East. . . . It is under American endowment, is absolutely non-sectarian, is independent of the Turkish Government, and has done much to promote good will in Turkey," he remarked.

Representative's Opportunities Excellent

Speaking on Roberts College as it more particularly concerned the T.C.A., Mr. Stau commented in very complimentary terms of the work the Institute had done through its Tech-in-Turkey representative. In reply to a question put him as to the influence which the Tech-in-Turkey representative of the T.C.A. could exert in the college, Mr. Stau replied that "The actual influence of such a representative depends entirely upon his personal calibre. His opportunities are excellent."

Mr. Stau voiced one possible objection to the present arrangement. Remarking that Roberts College would like to have the T.C.A. send to Turkey a representative whose stay there would be three years instead of one, he pointed out that such a person would have more chance of extending his influence among the students. Realizing, however, that the T.C.A. had already set as its precedent the dispatch of one student annually, he said that such an arrangement, in spite of its limitations, was greatly appreciated by his college.

The actual fate of the Tech-in-Turkey project rests in a meeting soon to be held. There is little doubt, however, that this deputation will be continued, for feeling as it does that the Tech-in-Turkey project is a significant part of its program, the T.C.A. will probably confine its action to the limitation of the appropriations.

Americans Privileged

American students at the University of Amsterdam are given the privilege of drinking and chatting after one o'clock curfew. None of the native students are so honored. Guess they just wanted to make them feel at home.

AFTER THE CIRCUS

Drop into the

OLD HOWARD

For the Midnight Hurrah

Where we hold them for down on the one yard line good luck to THE TECH

FRED R. DOHERTY

As We Like It

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

"The New Moon"

Before a full house in the cavernous hall to which residents of the city annually trek for their opera, the Bostonians presented "The New Moon" as the first of a series of musical pieces of yester-year that are to be revived at popular prices. The production was most pleasing, and was enthusiastically received.

The cast was capable and the chorus singing was especially good. The tuneful melodies of Romberg which were popular some years ago came as old friends; a considerable number were heard softly humming "Stout-hearted Men," and "One Kiss," under their breath during the intermission. Miss Lansing as Marianne, and William O'Neale as Phillippe, received the lion's share of the applause. Furnishing the comic element, Harry K. Morton and Louise Brown were well received.

The flash of vivid costume, the gay movement and life, the color, motion, and song all blended in a charming impression which took one far, far away from the monotonous life of books and studies. There's contagious enthusiasm in the music and romance. The carefree attitude and spontaneous vivacity make for something entirely different from the scholastic air of the Institute. It's delightful.

B. H. W.

PLYMOUTH

"Hay Fever"

"Hay Fever" at the Plymouth, proved to be another of these dear sophisticated comedies that are amusing at the time and afterwards bring a "Why the hell did I see that?" However, there are laughs aplenty for the audience in the various eccentricities of the various members of the Bliss household. The play is strictly one of Noel Coward's; no one else has quite the knack that he has for the clever, clean, amusing little things.

Constance Collier led the revival in a somewhat overdone part. The rest of the cast had much better vehicles and all turned in fairly creditable performances. Miss Collier had the difficult part of a retired actress, married to an insane novelist, and the mother of two brats whom neither of the parents had bothered to bring up into the socially correct ways of society.

Most interesting in the play is the scene at breakfast Sunday morning when the guests all decide to leave the "madhouse." The first and last acts are full of fun and pep, but according to an old Coward custom, the second act is dull.

F. K.

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Club features (free to guests) are as follows: Swimming pool; completely equipped gymnasium; game rooms for bridge and backgammon; roof garden and solarium. Restaurant and cafeteria service at reasonable prices.

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ENGINEERS SKUNK HARVARD LILIES IN SLICK CAGE GAME

Costumes Create Sensation As Beavers Foil Crimson Siamese Twins

TRIUMPH BY ONE POINT

Boston's Arena was treated to the prize sports event of the year last night, when a fighting Technology basketball "team" managed to overcome a determined Harvard quintet by the astounding score of 73-72. The game was played for the benefit of the Kalamazoo, Michigan chapter of the Society of Starving Physical Metallurgy Graduates of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and quite appropriately the referee was the founder of the S.S.P.M.G.M.I.T., although he did not have the first requirement of all good referees — blindness.

At the sound of the musical note, at precisely thirty minutes and four seconds after 7 o'clock, the fighting Harvard five, in the uniforms of Red Cross nurses, dashed out onto the court. Then, to the stirring tune of "The Three Brass Balls," the Institooters, headed by Droopy-Drawers Johnson, ambled nonchalantly onto the polished floor, attired in white kid gloves. The modest manner of the Engineers accorded well with the simplicity of their costumes, and they were greatly applauded by the ladies wherever they went.

After the tap the ball, appropriately wrapped in cellophane, was secured by Cream-less Coffey, who wafted it gently to Lop-Ears Feustel. The latter handed it very politely, with many low bows, to Smith-Koskioskewitzki of Harvard.

One Bad Boner

Now this is where the eminent Fritzzy-one made a grievous error, for Smith-Koskioskewitzki, as all basketball fans know, is Siamese twins. Smith, the right-hand one, is the captain of the Harvard-lilies, while Koskioskewitzki, who is two years younger, is a Sophomore star. Using Smith's right hand and Koskio—, the other one's left, the combination arched the ball cleanly through the hoop to give Harvard a four-point lead, for in all fairness to both halves of Smith-Koskioskewitzki, the referee was forced to credit each one with a basket.

Thus the battle raged on. Led by Sysko, who played a wonderful game although his roller skates were not properly oiled, the Beavers gnawed at the Crimson's early lead, but seemingly in vain, for after ten bloody hours the Red Cross nurses were still ahead by three counters. It might as well have been three million, thought the sobbing metallurgists, as they noticed that only one minute of playing time remained.

Ray! for Crosby

But all was not yet lost. Redgore Crosby was inserted at center for Johnson, who had contracted a bad case of pedicubosis from playing in his bare feet. Crosby was so small that he cleverly eluded the Crimson cohorts by slipping between their legs to sink an easy basket and revive the Engineer's fleeing hopes.

Disaster seemed imminent as the dangerous Smith-Koskioskewitzki got the ball. But once again fate intervened. Smith became dazed at the costumes of the Beavers, which, as was mentioned before, would ordinarily be tolerated only at respectable theaters, and not even there if the nudity were of their sex.

Ray! for the Toot

This resulted in his shooting for the wrong basket, but since Koskioskewitzki shot for the other one, the net result was that the ball popped into the lap of a cherub named O'Brien, who was amusing himself on the sidelines by playing strip poker, a sport which he greatly prefers to basketball. But now his college spirit flared.

Earnestly desiring to win, but feeling unequal to the enormous task of propelling the ball to the great height of the basket, the ingenious lad summoned a Western Union messenger boy, who promptly scurried up to the balcony and dropped the sphere through the hoop to bring two points and victory to Technology.

Thus the honor of Course III was saved. Let us all profit by this solemn occurrence and swear that henceforth we will use neither alcohol nor tobacco.

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY Office of the President

NOTICE TO STUDENTS

The widespread undergraduate interest in tomorrow's Technology Circus leads me to express the hope that its conduct will not be marred by any of the type of unfortunate happenings which led the Institute Committee several years ago to abandon the Circus as an annual event on the undergraduate activity calendar. It is imperative that all students co-operate with the Institute Committee, and its sub-committees on this year's Circus, by complying cheerfully with whatever regulations these groups may have to lay down for carrying out the Circus, including the vote against the distribution of a so-called satirical newspaper such as the "Filter Paper."

The Administration of the Institute intends, as usual, to support any measures taken by the undergraduate government to conduct student affairs in a manner which will reflect credit upon the good name of Technology. The Circus being a function taking place, in part, off the Institute property, it seems desirable that the recommendations of the Institute Committee with respect to the conduct of Field Day, should apply. This recommendation reads:

"That in order to protect the good name of the undergraduate student government there shall be no parades or demonstrations of any character off the Institute grounds, and that the President of the Institute be requested to support this decision by giving due notice that offenders render themselves liable to expulsion."

Accordingly due notice is hereby given of the serious consequences of being involved in any demonstration off the Institute grounds.

Karl T. Compton
President.

March 31, 1932.

HOLBY CAPTURES FIRST PLACE IN P. T. COMPETITION

Greenlaw, Root Also Get Medals
Spring Season Starts With A Bang

At the track rally which was held yesterday afternoon, it was announced that J. Duncan Holby was the winner of the annual "P.T." competition which was completed last week. Holby amassed a grand total of 502 points, 12 more than Al Greenlaw, who finished second. D. A. Root finished third with 438 points, and W. N. Stark was fourth with 399. Close on the heels of these leaders were Horton, Clapp, Holley, Rees, Dixon, Bartlett, Colby, and Talbert.

Only one record was broken in this year's competition. Frank Lovering threw the shotput 46 feet and 6 inches, shattering the old record by several feet. Lovering has been a consistent winner all year and should prove a big help to the varsity in 1933.

Holby Averages 71.6 Per Event

Out of a possible 100 points, Holby averaged 71.6 for each of the seven events. Greenlaw's average was 70.0 and Root's was 62.6. The summary of Holby's performances is as follows:

- Shotput—35 ft., 6 in.
- High jump—5 ft., 1 in.
- Broad jump—18 ft., 2 in.
- 50-yard dash—6 1-5 sec.
- 60-yard low hurdles—7 3-5 sec.
- 440-yard run—54 4-5 sec.
- 880-yard run—2 min., 4 3-5 sec.
- 1 mile run—4 min., 41 sec.

In the last three of these events, Holby had the best performances. Clapp took

Scene at THE TECH Bar of Last Year Which Will Repeat Tonight



Time Honored Bar Arrives Safely After Perilous Journey on Ford

Steins Full of Frothy Beer Will Be Served By Manly Barmmaids

the honors for the high jump with a leap of 5 feet, 6 inches, while Root was best in the broad jump with 20 feet. Colby did the low hurdles in 7 2-5 seconds. Holley and Keele both did 5 3-5 seconds in the 50-yard dash tying the existing record.

Movies at Rally

Captain Oscar Hedlund was very pleased with the large crowd which turned out for the rally yesterday. A number of new men were noticed in the gathering. Short speeches were made by Captain Jewett, Manager Fossett, and Coaches Hedlund and Bowie. The features of the meeting were three reels of moving pictures, one comedy and the others slow motion pictures of the IC4A meets.

Many strange things went on about the Institute today; the old Armory buzzed with activity that not even an "ALS" drill could boast. But the strangest sight of all was a Ford, a pass which was straddled what looked like an enormous box. So large was this box that the Ford looked small in comparison, even more insignificant than usual.

Few knew what that strange object was; some spoke of it as a car; others didn't even bother to figure it out. Those that knew kept a tight upper lip, for they weren't going to tell everyone that that was the famous Tech bar.

The THE TECH bar has long been a tradition among sane-minded students of the Institute; it may be old and musty, but everyone knows its many virtues. There many deep ricks in the old mythology of the bar tell a story which nothing can describe. People don't sing "The Olden Buckle" any more. That's been since replaced by the song "Our THE TECH Bar." Terryson is not wrong when he wrote, "Crossing The Bar." Well, there's a lot of good literature in the THE TECH bar.

And so, that time honored bar will once more be available to Tech students who are privy to fine quality. We guarantee that there will be no loss of popularity of first at the Circus— that is, if they have the money to pay for it. (Don't drink. Of course, only soft drinks will be on the bar for being strict observers of the Eighteenth Amendment, whether we're sober or not, we wouldn't drink any more, intoxicating liquors.)

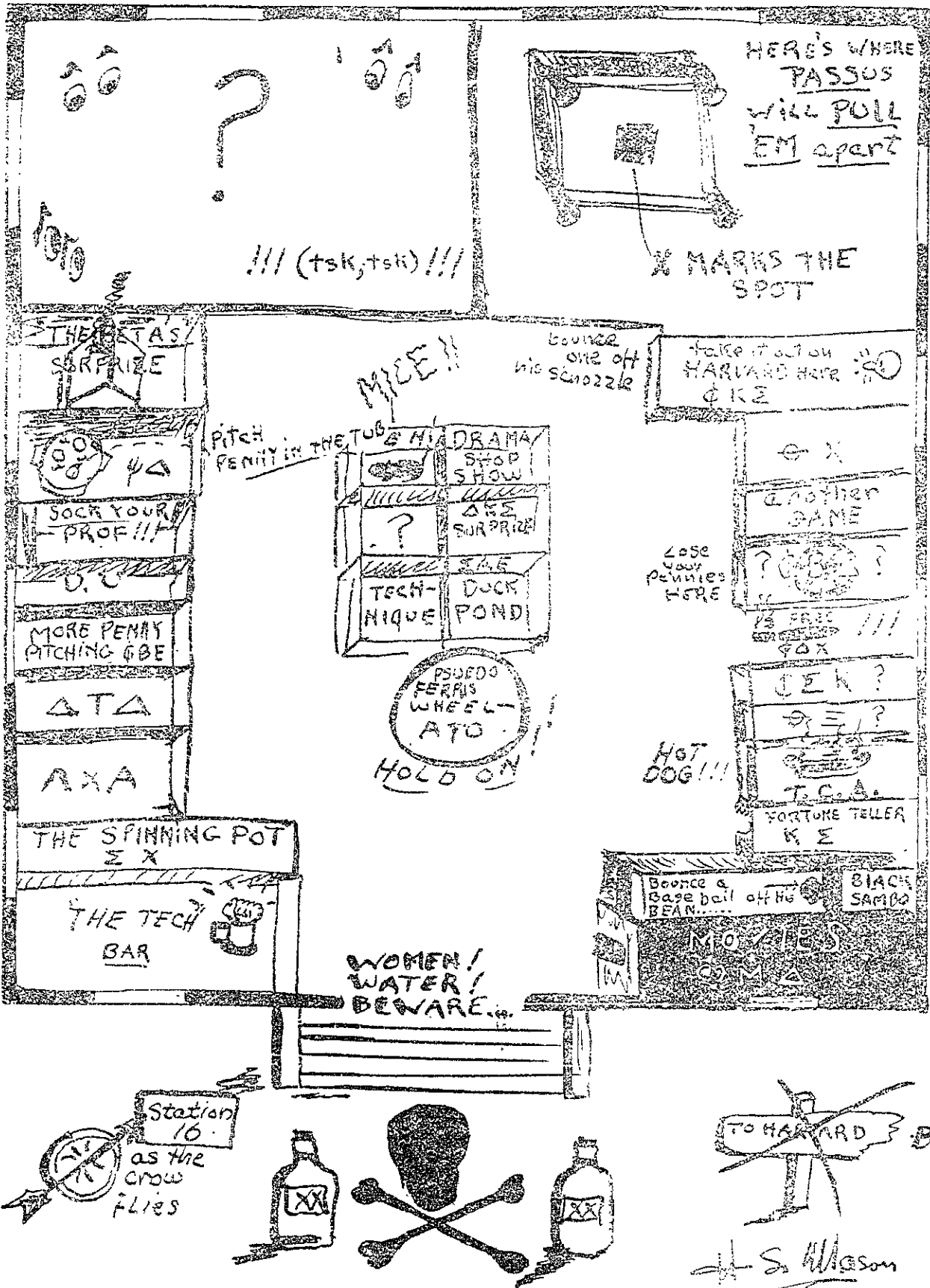
Just amble up to one of our genial, manly, barmmaids, and he will give you service like you have never seen before. Steins brimming full of frothy beer will be right on hand. Just follow the crowd and you can't miss THE TECH bar. Don't look twice. You don't have to. If you can't believe your eyes, you can always believe your nose. Well, be seen! Keep your pants on.

SECOND BASEBALL MEETING TUESDAY

Another baseball meeting will be held on Tuesday afternoon, April 5, at 5 o'clock, in Room 1-190. Manager William Schneider plans to form individual teams and to discuss the possibility of a varsity team in the future. At a meeting which was held on Friday, four class managers were appointed: John W. Leslie '32, Edward S. Rowell '33, G. F. Fichett '34 and W. E. Peterson '35, who are the men directing the teams, ask everyone who is interested to attend the meeting.

The schedule is being planned in accordance with the best Technology tradition, and candidates can rest assured that their earnest endeavors to study for the final examinations will be in no way hampered. In fact, Manager Schneider assured nervous inquirers that the season, which is expected to consist of twelve inter-class games and four or five practice games, will be over by May 15.

FLOOR PLAN OF CIRCUS



OFFICIAL BULLETINS

OF GENERAL INTEREST

Physics and Physical Chemistry
Massachusetts Institute of Technology
Friday, April 1, 4.30 p.m., Room 4-231
Lecture by Professor P. Debye.

C·A·L·E·N·D·A·R

Friday, April 1

7.00 p.m. — Tech Circus, Armory, *By Cracky.*

Saturday, April 2

3.00 p.m. — Catholic Club Tea Dance, Main Hall of Walker Memorial.
7.00 p.m. — THE TECH banquet, Durgin and Park Restaurant.
7.00 p.m. — Fencing Meet, Walker Gym.

First Circus Originated In Minds Of Idle Dreamers In Hectic Study Hours

Whiskey Gulch Bar and Gamb- ling Hell Feature Original Tech Circus

"Wuxtry, Wuxtry, maniacs hold biggest of world's greatest three-ring extravaganzas," cried the newsies on every street corner of the city of Boston on that never-to-be-forgotten and fateful night of March 1, 1923, when the undergraduates for the first time in Institute history expressed themselves in fitting manner. News travelled fast and the intense excitement in dear old Walker Memorial soon communicated itself to the Associated Press, who lost no time in getting the low-down on the barroom brawl.

Circus Is Born

It all happened this way. The genius of the undergraduate mind will never be satisfied and every year there arrive in our midst several men with ability to conceive of some enjoyment that will appeal to the unhappy student during his hectic hours of study. In the past there have been several such masters-of-mind. The murmurs of the possibilities of staging a circus was first heard on the lips of many of our idle dreamers. Some wise Seniors, grounded solidly on the rock of tradition as a result of five or six years at the Institute, slid their slide rules in disgust at the suggestion of such an impossible plan. Others objected to the idea because it had never been done before, but the plan soared slowly ahead. Soon the Circus was finally announced as a fact.

Profs Sold on Idea

After much haggling and consultation, the profs became sold on the idea of this Circus stunt, although they told the outside world that they were promoting it solely for the purpose of establishing a wider field of good-fellowship among the students. In a sense, this theory proved to be true, for when the binge came off, it did act as a general mixing-pot for all students, profs, and janitors of the Institute.

Perhaps some of the notoriety the Circus received was due to some unfortunate eavesdropping practised by some of the more aspiring of the local Boston newspaper reporters who, getting wind of a good thing, played it up to the skies. The scene they investigated was not one to strike terror in the hearts of the Society for the Prevention of Ungentlemanly Conduct, nor yet of the W.C.T.U. Impartial bystanders with few exceptions differed in their account of the festivities in only several of the less important details.

Surprises Feature Brawl

The affair was characterized by surprises and novelties in rapid succession. In one corner Nature's most marvelous and eccentric creatures were exhibited, while at another stand an efficient hospital operated on the nearest victims whether they liked it or not. Hot dogs and peanuts were sold to hilarious onlookers while the "Whiskey Gulch Bar and Gambling Hell," directly from the Klondike did a rushing business.

Most of the activities ran sideshows, while the clubs and fraternities performed in the rings. "Bad men and wimmin" were much in evidence and clustered about booths of exciting and uncertain amusements. The clowns would have shamed Toto of world-wide fame, and even Ben Hur would have looked askance at the mighty chariot races in which "horses" and charioteers continually risked their necks. In the center of the ring damsels of rare form and beauty, attired in very close-fitting costumes, performed contortions suggestive of the Southern Pacific islands.

Passas Will Take On Anyone Who Dares A Battle

Two Other First Raters To Wrestle Him, In Early Matches of Show

Steve Passas, world's champion light-heavyweight wrestler, will meet two more wrestlers in two feature bouts tonight in the Armory, for the express benefit of those attending the Circus. Following these two matches, Passas is prepared to meet all comers, and there will be a loving cup awarded to the man who can stay the limit with him in the ring.



STEVE PASSAS

For the main bouts, regular professional rules will be in force, with everything except gouging being permitted. After these frays, Passas will take a short rest, and then take on all willing to undergo the risk. The time necessary for the man to stay in the ring with him will be decided on the basis of the opponent's weight, and the rules followed will be the Intercollegiate ones.

Heavyweight Champ But For Weight

Passas has had an interesting career since he has started wrestling, and now has reached the limit of his class. It has been predicted upon numerous occasions that had he had the necessary weight, he would have become heavyweight champion of the world long ago. Lacking, as he does, some thirty pounds of the necessary weight for heavyweight wrestling, he cannot do more than work out with the men of the class above him.

Especially for the Circus, a twenty-foot ring, waist-high, has been erected, and during the matches, there will be standing room on all four sides of the ring. The ropes are expected to stand a good deal of heavy treatment during all the wrestling, and provisions are being made to take care of any casualties resulting from men being thrown from the ring.

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Galloping Eight Beats All Hell Out of Scarford

Wild Maniacs Madly Main, Maul And Mess Up Men Merely For Sport Of It

Winning by barely the width of an Andromeda's length, the doughty Engineer crew defeated the boys from Scarford in a wild and rip-roaring race held on the Technology campus. The regatta took place on the largest mud puddle on the Institute's parking space between the new laboratories and the Dorms.

Coach Bill Strains spared no expense in preparing for the mighty race, securing only the most silent and smooth outboard motor to attach unseen to the shell. Likewise did the head coach of Scarford. Both shells were specially made for the event by the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation with slippery-elm surfaces to slide through the water the faster.

Both Dreams Oiled

Both screws were in the pink of condition. The Engineers were in perfect form, as were also the men from Scarford. Both teams were thoroughly lubricated with mixtures of Pluto Water and Fusel Oil. Both coxswains had prepared under the personal direction of Tubby Rogers in the art of elocution and voice. All were in prime shape.

Starting with a bang, the race rapidly assumed gigantic proportions. Giant waves flew back in the wakes of the straining shells. At the start the Scarford boat was leading slightly, the Technology boat's engine missing on a few cylinders.

The Wreck Forges Ahead

Toward the middle of the mud puddle the Cardinal and Grey craft began to catch up, slowly but surely, and by the middle of the last mile it was seen to forge ahead, also slowly but surely.

With the incredible time of three hours, forty-nine minutes, fifty-one and a half seconds, the Engineer crew shell grated on the sandy seashore barely in the lead. Bands played. Banners waved in the wind. Strong men wept. Technology had won again!

Intercollegiate Convention

The largest intercollegiate convention held in this country during the last four years was strongly against R.O.T.C. as is shown by their votes at the University of Buffalo. Ninety-six and eight hundredths per cent of the delegates voted against compulsory military training and \$3.7 per cent favored the removal of military training entirely.

If predictions and assurances are to be counted upon, and judging the previous performances of Steve Passas, he will provide gore and skull-crushing enough for everyone. Among his specialties are the many new and most vicious holds which have been developed since Sonnenburg revolutionized wrestling with his flying tackles.

Double reverse backfalls, which have terminated so many of Nick Lutze's matches, are among Passas's specialties, and many of the new body tortures will feature tonight's fun. The three men engaged for the main bouts are all able to take punishment by the fistful, and there certainly will be plenty to be received by someone.

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HOW DO TECHNOLOGY MEN SPEND THEIR TIME

Recently a candidate for THE TECH staff was assigned to make a survey as to the amount of time spent by inmates of the Institute in their various pursuits, sleeping, eating, and the like. Here is the summary he turned in: (We fear that it is slightly inaccurate in spots.)

- A. Sleeping — 40 per cent.
- B. Eating — 10 per cent.
- C. In Class — 20 per cent (see "A" above).
- D. Wondering how long before the bell — 19.5 per cent.
- E. Shooting bull — 62.5 per cent.
- F. Telling how much better the weather is at home — 32 per cent.
- G. Talking to secretaries — 5 per cent (see "E" above).

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